THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

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ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Editor,—"Fiat Justitia," a writer in last Saturday's American, has mistaken the object of my communication to you on the subject of the college in Cambridge. My object was not to prove that the expenses of a student at Harvard University, were *less* than at the other colleges in New England. I only undertook to show that there was not so great an excess of cost as is generally believed. Indeed, his honest quotation-marks show that I did not connect my sentences in the order in which he has been so kind as to arrange them for me. For this purpose, I gave you an estimate of the *actual*, not merely the "*necessary*," expenses of a Cambridge student. Every one knows that a young man, whose money is at his own disposal, spends more than is absolutely *necessary*. The estimate which I submitted to you, included an excess over the college charges sufficient to provide for a reasonable degree of amusement, as well as for those numerous little items of expense which cannot be anticipated. The *printed* estimate of expenses at Cambridge, amounts to one hundred and seventy-eight dollars only. If to this we add fourteen dollars, "Fiat Justitia"'s allowance for travelling expenses, we shall have one hundred and ninety two dollars for the necessary expenses in Cambridge, by a calculation similar to that which makes the expenses at Yale College one hundred and seventy-nine dollars. The difference is absolutely trifling. Let "Fiat Justitia" meet me fairly. I have published the expenses of a Cambridge student. Let him, if he would institute a comparison, publish the expenses of a student at Yale or Dartmouth. I am sure that, leaving beneficiaries out of the question, the difference would not be so greatly against Cambridge as his unfair estimate would lead us to believe.

With reference to the library, I would remind him of what he is not ignorant, that the whole time of a youth of good abilities cannot be devoted to his college studies. In order to keep the class together, it is necessary that the course should be such as all are capable of learning. So that in every institution of this character, much leisure must be left to the majority of a class, after all the college lessons are thoroughly learnt. And surely the best library in the country affords no useless occupation for these leisure hours.

His four next paragraphs contain nothing which I need notice. I have made assertions, and he has made others, which are, for aught I can understand, perfectly compatible with mine. All he says may be true, and all that I have said on the same subject, not the less true. To those who are willing to follow this writer's most judicious advice, and visit all of the New England colleges, the advantages to which I have referred will be the more apparent.

I will, however, say a few words concerning the course of study. And first, I know of no published list of books in use at Cambridge, later than the year 1825. In addition to those which are mentioned by "Fiat Justitia," there are now studied, in the department of ancient languages, the Satires of Juvenal and five books of Homer; and in the department of mental philosophy, &c. Brown's Lectures on the Mind, prepared for a text book by professor Hedge, and the Federalist. No mention is made of the lectures on Grammar, Rhetoric, Natural Philosophy, Foreign Literature, Locke's System of Intellectual Philosophy, Jewish Antiquities as connected with the New Testament, Anatomy, Hygieine, Law, Botany, Mineralogy. Chemistry, and the application of the Sciences to the Arts. But the great superiority of the Cambridge course is the study of modern languages. Nor will this be considered a slight advantage by those who know that the labours of one professor and three instructers, are exclusively devoted to this department. One of these gentlemen is an American, distinguished for his thorough acquaintance with the principal languages of Europe; one is a native of Germany, and another of Italy, both well-known as men of thorough education; and the fourth, a native of France; was long known as a successful instructer in Boston, before his connexion with the University. With these advantages, the French, Spanish, German and Italian languages, are diligently studied, not only as a part of the required course, but very generally in additional voluntary lessons, to which the instructers give their attention without an extra charge.

It is true, whether from the difference of books, or of the faithfulness with which they are studied, that within three years several students from Amherst College in Massachusetts, and from Columbia College in the city of New-York, have entered Cambridge one year (and one has entered two years) behind their former rank at the institution they had left; and no student of any neighbouring college has taken at Cambridge his former rank. In three instances, at least, within my knowledge, during this time, the same preparation at school has been found necessary to qualify boys for admission into the junior class at Cambridge and the senior class at Yale.

I have been compelled to make this exposure of particulars, in order to vindicate the truth of my previous assertion. If any be offended by it, I earnestly ask their forgiveness, for the sake of truth and of justice to old Harvard.

Of the reason of the greater number of students at Yale College than at Harvard, "Fiat Justitia" cannot be ignorant. He well knows that literary excellence has nothing to do with it. A very different motive has influenced too many parents in their choice. And yet I can safely assert, that the theological opinions of the under-graduates are never in any way interfered with.

I have, I trust, descended to particulars sufficiently minute to satisfy every impartial reader, that Harvard University possesses important advantages over the other colleges of the United States, and that the expense of an education there is very much less than many are inclined to believe. If justice has been done, I am satisfied. I wish not to exalt any institution above the rank which it deserves. But I wish that our citizens should make a fair and candid comparison between the colleges to which they have access, and give the preference to that which will be most advantageous to our state; hoping that the day is not far distant, when Maryland shall afford her own sons an education not inferior to the most complete which they can receive abroad.

A MARYLANDER.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

A POEM BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

It is refreshing, among the trash and insipidity that is daily pouring from the press, to meet, occasionally, with something, capable of fixing the attention, and rewarding the toil of perusal. It is comforting to meet the evidence, that the true Promethean fire is not yet all absorpt, and vanished to its native sky. It was with such feelings as these, that we ran over the pages of Mr. Montgomery's poem, "The Omnipresence of the Deity." Although it does not answer the expectations we formed of it, from the stir it made in England, upon its first coming out, being then pronounced second in sublimity to Milton alone, still we think it the production of a poetic genius of the first order; and of one who may aspire, one day, to fill a high seat upon the English Parnassus. Since the melancholy set of Byron's star, the eyes of England have been greeted by no new brilliant light in their poetic firmament. Among their standing poets, rhyming has become too much a trade, to produce any thing of originality and beauty. The muses scorn to be hirelings—Their gifts must be free-will offerings, or they are mean and valueless.

The poem before us, owes something, perhaps, to the sublimity of its subject. It is no less than the Uncreate, Eternal, Omnipresent Mind. Surely, if any thing can wake the soul, and fire the imagination, it must be this. The idea of God, contains, within itself, the very essence of Sublimity—Vastness—Obscurity—Power. A pure and perfect intellect, with all that we most admire in our own souls, and abstracted from all their imperfections. This pure intellect pervading the universe,—within our very souls,—knowing every shade of thought and feeling,—at the same time, equally present in the most distant star, shedding forth each particle of light, which travels its mighty journey to our eyes. Supporting, in its ephemeral being, the slightest insect that floats upon the breeze, and guiding the balanced earth about its orbit. Conceive what object you will of sublimity, and God is sublimer still. Think of the vast ocean—The God who made the ocean is vaster still. Think of its mighty depths, and He that stretches far beyond the blue depths of either, is deeper still. Think of the ocean storm,—its power;—the thunderbolt,—its resistless force—Yet He that stilleth the waves, and hurleth the lightning, is mightier still. Think of the cloud-capt mountain—The God who laid its foundation of old, is sublimer still.

The same may be said, perhaps, of the Paradise Lost of Milton—that it owes its sublimity to the subject. This, however, is no derogation from the merit of the work, or from the author's genius. For what, but the sublimity of his genius, led him to choose such a subject? It was not from a design to compose a poem of unequalled sublimity, that Milton chose the subject he did; but it was the natural flight of a towering intellect. The same sublimity breaks forth in the earliest of his poetic essays. At the age of nineteen, we find, in the careless exercise of a college vacation, such lofty strains as these:—

"Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe thy fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported soul may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity,
How he before the thundrous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And *hills* of *snow* and lofts of *piled thunder*."—

So sung the future author of the battles of the Angels, and who shall say, that the bard has not done more than fulfil the gigantic promise of his youth?

But to return to our author. The poem commences with an address to Deity.

"Thou Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined;
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind;
Pervading Spirit, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,
Imagination cannot paint that spot
Around, above, beneath, where thou art not.

Before the glad stars, hymned to new-born earth,
Or young creation revelled in its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchained the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurled,
And out of darkness drew the breathing world."

Had the author written no more, we should have known him as a poet of no ordinary endowment. There is no straining to rise, but a horizontal flight of a soul habitually elevated. 'Tis the eagle in his lofty career, lifting himself toward heaven, and daring to gaze even in the sun's intolerable *brightness*.

After this introduction, the poem proceeds with the most striking manifestations of Deity in the creation,—in the terrors of Sinai,—in the winds,—in the thunder. In that part, we were peculiarly struck with the following.

"A thunder-storm!—the eloquence of Heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown?"

* * * * * * * * * *

"Oh! now to be alone on some grand height,
Where Heaven's black curtains shadow all the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms clash,
While fleet and far the living lightnings flash,—
To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace flames that in their wombs repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies,—
How stirs the spirit while the echoes roll,
And God in thunder rocks from pole to pole!"

The staple of this poem, the reader must have already seen, is description. In this, Mr. Montgomery certainly excels. Especially is he great in the stormy and stirring scenes. The following will show, that he is no less happy in the calm, the still, the tender:—

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimple prime,
I've loved to hail the calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes harmonious with the day.
On thy still dawn while holy music peals,
And far around the lingering echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And lapp'd in angel dreams, forgets its woes?"

A defect in this poem, is its want of personality. We have too much inanimate nature, and too little of man. The following passage is a redeeming page in this regard:—

"Young, chaste, and lovely, pleased yet half afraid,
Before yon altar droops a plighted maid,
Clad in her bridal robes of taintless white,
Dumb with the scene, and trepid with delight;
Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
Each with a tender look and feeling bland;
And oft she turns her beauty-beaming eye,
Dimmed with a tear for happiness gone by!
Then coyly views, in youth's commanding pride,
Her own adored one, panting by her side;
Like lilies bending from the noon-tide blaze,
Her bashful eyelids droop beneath his gaze;
While love and homage blend their blissful power,
And shed a halo round his marriage hour."

The poem closes with a description of judgment. It reminds us of Byron's dream—

"Hark! from the arch of heaven a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From North to South, from East to West, it rolls
A blast that summons all created souls;
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The sea has heard it.—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed,
The graves fly open, and with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life.

We have a word to add, upon the religious tendency of this poem. Nothing elevates, and at the same time purifies the mind so much, as the association of Deity with every thing great and subblime in nature,—with every thing pure and tender in the moral world. Poetry, then, performs its noblest office, when it excites to action, within us, the loftiest sentiments, and then offers them up in grateful sacrifice to the Author of our being.

FOR THE EMERALD.

REMINISCENCES OF A DICKEY.

BY THE WANDERER.

I was made of the finest linen that could be selected from the ample shelves of an eminent city draper, and sold for nothing, for the shop-keeper sighed as he measured my companions and self out by the yard, and muttered in spite of his teeth, "Cash!—thou darling of my soul!—thou hast forsaken my counter to pine in the gloomy dungeons of the bank. Let me see thy bright face again—" the store clock only gave answer by a foreboding "tick! tick! tick!"

I was then put into the hands of a pretty, but melancholy widow, with directions to give me a fashionable form, that I might enter the world "neck or nought," and take the mean office of a piece of twisted hemp, which my future master dreaded might be a great bore to him at some after period. The widow passed me through her taper fingers; and, as if by magic, I assumed a new being—but the poor woman sighed as she laid me down, and looking tenderly upon her two little children, breathed out, "Alas! the glorious days of shirts are past!—Where shall I find work worthy of my needle?—where find enough to give these dear, fatherless children, bread? No one cares for me—no one loves me." The wind whistled through the key-hole, and answered "whew!" Shortly after, a good-looking young man entered the room, and smiles soon usurped the place of tears; for the pretty widow loved and was beloved.

From the hands of the seamstress, I passed into those of a chubby-faced Irish washerwoman; who, after lacerating my form most unmercifully with a wooden mallet, stiffened and smoothed me out with a hot iron. But I murmured not; for some older companions who suffered with me, hinted at severer trials that I had yet to undergo. The washerwoman groaned as she folded me up neatly and placed me with other fashionable articles of dress. "And is a sinner's blessing all that I'm to get for ye, my jewels? Och! and hav'nt I been trudging for six long months over this bit of a tub, with full hands and an empty stomach—and all for what?—why, a matter of a 'good morning, Mrs. O'Flarothy, will you call again to-morrow?' St. Patrick preserve me, but what shall I do for my supper to-night?" The tea-kettle over the fire answered, "Ah!—phis!—buddle-luddle!"

My master received me with sparkling eyes. He was a gay, thoughtless and handsome young man, always fond of spending money—when he had it; and of dressing well—when his tailor would take his measure without peeping into his pocket. I was soon adjusted around his neck, *comme une planche*, hugging closely to his neatly trimmed whiskers, projecting in acute angles beyond the extremity of his nose, and rising proudly above the top of his ear. He stood for an hour before the mirror, admiring the exactness with which I masked his profile; and at length, with divers 'hems' and 'haws,' he strutted *out* that he might accidentally drop *in* to see the lovely Helen ——(I mention no names.)

I will not trouble my readers with a laboured account of my first sortie from the boudoir to the fashionable promenade. I will not tell them of the many "ohs!" and ahs!" that saluted me as I moved along; of the smiles that beamed on me; of my master's strict adherence to the rules of etiquette, i. e. not looking round at the ladies as they passed; no—let me rather transport them to the sofa in Helen's drawing-room.

My lord sat for some time and awaited the coming of the fair one; several times he came near dislocating his neck in attempting to turn round and cast a glance toward the door. At length she came "enrobed in beauty's light," and was soon seated by my side, with her hand gently resting on that of my master. Need I, with pen untutored, attempt to describe the *dull* hours of courtship? Dull they were to me—but a heavenly moment to the fond lovers; all that was pretty—all that was poetical—all that was musical, was said—till "the clock told the hour for retiring;" and yet they could not *coldly* part—there was a sympathy of hearts—a sympathy of hands—a sympathy of lips—and the latter began to pout. "Adieu, my dearest Helen," sighed my master; "you will not allow me to part without a——a——"

"A kiss, sir?" said she, smiling; "kisses are for people that are wedded—deserve first, and then you conquer. But, for this once, I will indulge you—but never again."

"Charming girl!—you wished to be conquered," said the enraptured lover, rushing toward her; but alas! alas! unhappy man!—his *choler* was raised too high;—my acute angle struck poor Helen's eye, and she was blinded for six months!

I have been locked up in a wardrobe ever since.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TALES OF OUR OWN STATE.

No. I.

As early as the year 1640, but a single adventurer had passed the confines of what is now called Baltimore county. The little colony at Baltimore had been struggling, ever since its first foundation, with a multiplicity of evils.

Sickness had seized upon and carried off nearly one-third of that adventurous band, who founded the city which now ranks third among those which have risen, as it were, by magic, from the bosom of the wilderness. The Indians had made frequent incursions into the settlements, and had more than once left traces of their deadly hostility against the invaders of their soil. It was with reason, then, that the friends of the daring individual we have mentioned, endeavoured to divert him from his purpose of leaving the protection of the colony, and wandering in search of a home into a country whose character, extent and inhabitants, were so entirely unknown. But their remonstrances were unavailing. The emigrant, who was a Scotchman, would not be dissuaded. He had brought with him his family, consisting of two sons, a nephew, and a daughter. The former were anxious to accompany their father on his expedition, but he resisted all their solicitations, and determined to proceed unincumbered and alone. Committing his family to the care of a friend, he set out upon his journey. It was the beginning of the spring, and Nature, whose wild magnificence had at that early day been little disturbed by the hand of Art, scattered around her beauties and her blessings with an unsparing hand. The departure of the stranger produced an unwonted excitement in the little colony. His character was known to few of the emigrants. He had arrived the year before in a vessel from Liverpool, and although he brought with him every indication of wealth, he was of a gloomy and unhappy disposition. He was suffered to depart, however; and in a few days the colonists resumed their wonted monotonous engagements. The spring passed away, but no tidings came of the adventurous man. His friends and his children gave him up for lost—and all seemed to acquiesce in the probability of his having fallen a prey to the savages or the wild beasts, save his nephew. *He* confidently asserted that his uncle would not return until the summer had far advanced, but that he would then make his appearance, and conduct his family to their future home. As he predicted, it happened. At the close of a bright day, in the middle of August, the wanderer returned. The gloom of his disposition had passed away, and his countenance seemed bright with present enjoyment and anticipated delights. He commanded his children and nephew to prepare to accompany him to the regions he had explored; and a week had not elapsed after his return, before he had turned his back upon the colony, and had began to retrace his former steps. The members of the colony were astonished at his daring, and at the undisputed sway he possessed over the minds of his family—but no one was found bold enough to accompany or follow him. We will leave them to their wonder, and join our adventurers in their perilous journey. Pursuing a northwestern course for about fifty miles, they at length reached a river, which bore, in the language of the Indians, the name of Monocacy. This name it still retains. The Scotchman, after following its course for a few miles, came to the spot which he pointed out to his companions as the one he had selected for their home. Although it was in the very bosom of a forest, they could not but be delighted with the grandeur of the scenery, and the unadorned and matchless air of simplicity in which Nature had arrayed one of her choicest dwellings. It was immediately upon the banks of the river we have mentioned, and about eight miles from the place where now stands the city of Frederick. An elm tree, which was suffered to overshadow the hut which was soon rudely constructed, still marks the spot—and its decaying branches, and almost prostrate trunk, are still pointed out to the traveller as the only remains of the "*first settler*."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE EMERALD.

ANGLING.

Of all the different kinds and varieties of innocent sports and amusements, designed to vary the monotony of life, by affording us, occessionally, a little wholesome recreation and relaxation from employment or laborious occupation, none appears to us, gentle reader, better adapted to that purpose, than an angling excursion to some quiet and rural stream, whose waters are abundant in trout, gudgeon, or sunfish.

For our own part, we cannot imagine a more delightful relaxation from the toils and active concerns of life, than to walk abroad in the repose and deep hush of a summer's afternoon, and seek the company of some murmuring brook, which, at one time, is seen meandering gently along, through verdant meadows, wantonly kissing the flowers and green willows, which grow upon its banks, and again babbling and playfully skipping among granite rocks, in some retired glen, filling the air with a murmur, which seems to add to the repose of the landscape.

Silently, and in deep communion with ourselves, or in sweet converse with a companion, we stroll along the borders of the stream, and at length choose our seat upon some convenient rock—The pure and crystal water is rippling at our feet—shrubs and flowers are growing in rich luxuriance all around us, and along the banks of the brook, upon whose surface thousands of small fishes are sporting in the yellow sunshine; and there, lower down, the broad shadows in the water, and the willow trees laving their long branches in its transparent wave—and there, seated in the midst of solitude and nature's beauties, we enjoy the repose and stillness that reign around us;—all nature is attuned to harmony; no discordant sound is heard, to break in upon her silence, save, perhaps, the harsh cry of the purple-crested king-fisher, which, ever and anon, is seen skimming along, in quest of prey, o'er the surface of the stream.

And now comes the, perhaps, indescribable pleasure of entrapping the imprudent and unwary fish. Has the pleasurable feeling, arising from even the "glorious uncertainty" of the "glorious nibble," ever been analyzed, or shall we attempt it? No, we give it up in despair.

The afternoon has pleasantly rolled by, and we are satisfied with our success—for our basket makes a goodly display of speckled trout, of golden sunfish and silvery gudgeon. But the fast sinking of the sun into the west, reminds us 'tis time to cease from our sport. Evening comes on apace—a cool and refreshing breeze comes sweeping up the streamlet, slightly rippling and curling its surface—the reeds and bushes along its banks, and the leaves of the neighbouring trees, bend gently to the evening zephyr.

And last, though not least of our enjoyments, is the homeward walk at sunset, when the glorious sky is one bright sheet of azure and gold, or, perhaps, bestudded with purple and scarlet clouds in the gilded west, affording a brilliant contrast to the foliage of the woodlands. The green and beautiful earth, too, is sending up the sweet and mingled odour of thousands of fragrant shrubs and flowers—and our ears are regaled with the warblings of the birds, chanting their vesper hymns—the low of kine, grazing down in the green meadows—the tinkling of the far-off sheepfold—the hum of insects, the most summer sound of all—the whistle of the ploughman, and the song of the milk-maid, coming from the distance, and falling not unmusically upon the ear.—And at this hour, when nature is displaying herself in all her beauty and magnificence, who does not bow down, impressed with holy and devout feelings of adoration, for the greatness and goodness of the Omnipotent Creator, the Great First Cause, the Everlasting God.

Kind reader, if a city life has not entirely destroyed thy taste for the charms and beauties of nature, and if thy heart has not become too vitiated, to enjoy the innocent and unsophisticated amusements of the country, gather up thy fishing tackle, and hie thee to some rural stream, and we will promise thee pleasure for the day, and better health than usual, for, at least, the future week. R.

FOR THE EMERALD.

bawltimore orgust the 4—1000 8 *hundrid & twents* 8.

MR. EDITTER,

i am glad you hav sucseaded in establishing your nuespapur furmly in this sity for we was very much in wont ov a papur ov your kynd and no won noes the extent ov litterrary nollege it may giv too the rysing gennerration—the martch of mynd has bin very grate in ower kountry for this sum yeers bak. and it is a cuestion if you will not hav the kreddit ov pooting its furst fut foarmust——i hav for sum: tyme bin dysyerus to send you a communercshun—for you hav mad a sort ov a appeel too the Litterratti ov bawltymore; and won that lovs too reed as mutch as i doo cannot resyst A verry natteral dysyre; too communerkate for your intterrestyng myssillayny

i am ov kountry distracshun and was eddukated for A fyssission butt havin too kut up a ded boddy for the studdi of annatommy i got so sic that i had too leve of fissic—so i thort I wood studdi lor and havin red blac-stons commenterrys threw and threw i preesentid myselv for examuynashun. but wos regected on plee of not havin suffissiant nollege—so i thort it best to turn skule-mastur and teech the yung idear how to shute—i tort for sum tyme until the peeple sor fitt to tak there chyldrian from mee bekors I beet them too seveerli—it is a fact that sum fokes thynk that nollege is too be gayned by instinkt And that chyldrin must never bee wippid But i am ov uppinnium that they must be gaverned with a; rodd of iern befor there mynds kan Bee formd toe reeseve instructshun

bawltymore is nou my playse of resedince and havin a lyttle tyme too spair i thort; i coold not youse it bettar then by righting for your papur sum complantes agaynst the ladys of this sellebrated sitty——in the kountry the gurls doo not goe a-swaggerring from hous to hous tellin storryes about their naybers—wen thay doo goe abrode thay tak there nyttin with them and syt doun cumfortibly without sning a; syngel werd ov slandyr but hear thay; turn up there knowses lyke fysh-hokes—and tair karraktures too peeces by hundrids whyle there hole soles are set uppon there *never-i-nos* (as they kall them) and there skarfes and there gounds and hevens noes wot if i shoud wont a wyfe i woud seak for won ov a addornid mynd—won wich coud at leest reed a prymmer and luyed husbund-aiding better then prummt-nading besydes sur no man can liv happi with a woomin that he is knot prowd ov and wot man of sence coud bee prowd of a kontinnul gadfly that is olwais buzzyng intoo wons earl

i hav bin mdooced to bee seeveer in the forgoeing remarcks from acktuel observasion—tho my akuaintynses amung the feemails of this sitti is verry lymmettid yit i hav goan sum behav so fulishly that i hav fealt for them miselv and i 'll bee bownd i woud knot let a systur ov myne cum to bawltymore.

Your friend and wel witcher BILL BUSBIE

SELECTED.

AZEM THE FORTUNATE.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

SOME years past being at Bagdad, I entered a theriakee or coffee house. The Turks present were employed in drinking coffee, smoking, and chewing opium. Their phizes were as solemn as the bird Afez who thought the

owl too sportful, and shrank from the frolic of his eyes: by the beard of Mohammed! only think of the frolic of an owl's eye. I had hardly entered before one of the professed story-tellers, so common in the East, began, exclaiming "who ever heard the tale of Azem the fortunate." None answered. "Well," said he, "is it your pleasure to hear the tale of Azem?" A nod from all present gave assent: and as it would only cost me my time, and a few aspers, I seated myself, and he thus commenced the following story:—

"Azem was an inhabitant of Balsora. Good fortune had attended him from infancy. His dwelling was second only to that of the Sultan's: his gardens vied with those of Paradise; birds of all kinds, and of a thousand varied plumages, warbled forth their morning song to charm his ear: and Circassia's fairest daughters warmed his heart, whilst he himself in form and beauty was a Prince among Princes, the first of men among men. To crown all, he had a generous heart, and his bounties were well known to all the needy followers of the Prophet.

There is nothing perfect. Azem, ever fortunate, attributed his success to prudence, and, when he relieved the unfortunate, in the folly of his heart he believed their sufferings the result of folly or of crime. This opinion, united with his prosperity, filled his heart with pride. One night, after a day of more than usual success, with a heart swelling with vanity, he retired with his beauteous Zoe to the bowers of rest. His powers were hardly lost in sleep, before the shrill cry of fire awoke him, and his aching eyes saw one grand blaze surrounding him, and before morning, his lordly palace, whose domes the night before seemed to nestle in the clouds, presenting nothing but a black smoking ruin. "One misfortune," says the proverb, "is but the mother of another:" and, as Azem mourned his dwelling, he heard that an earthquake had swallowed the city, in which most of his wealth was deposited; and this proud man began to tremble for the future.

At this period he had determined on a pilgrimage to Mecca. This duty the pious Azem would not neglect. Collecting a sufficiency for his absence, his wives and children were left to the care of a good brother: and taking with him two slaves to whom he had been as kind as a parent, he bade adieu to all his heart held dear. Have you ever bade farewell, a long farewell, to all you love, by parting made ten times lovelier—felt the warm quick breath of a wife's affection tremble on your cheek, whilst your unconscious babe—sweet link that binds you more closely together—twines his little hands in yours, as if clinging for protection? If you have ever felt that heart rending, that sickening of the soul that such a moment gives, you can conceive the parting of Azem from his loved Zoe. The farewell trembled on his lips, and with a convulsive effort he fled.

Azem had joined a large caravan to pass the desert. Many days all went on well. On the twentieth, after leaving Balsora, the sun rose red as blood. As the day advanced the heat grew intense, the sky was brassy over their heads, and the sands were like heated coals under their feet. About the hour of noon, a faint flush of red tinged the horizon. This awful harbinger of the wind of death struck all with horror. The Cap Aga, or leader, ordered all to prostrate themselves until the Simoon, or blast of Azael, was past. The camels hid their mouths in the sand; for instinct warns them of their danger. The burning wind soon passed by, and all suffered by its malignancy, and none more than Azem. From this time, day after day, the way grew more and more tedious. Many of the camels died, and from a fall from one of the over loaded beasts, the Cap Aga was killed. All then was confusion. In the caravan a thousand different opinions were given, and none steadily followed. Water grew scarce, and famine threatened them. On the thirtieth day of their pilgrimage, a wild band of the desert appeared. In the moment of danger, great minds ever take lead. Azem instinctively seized the command. His voice was heard giving orders and cheering all around. Forming into a square, they waited the attack. The battle was bloody. The leader of the robber band, a savage Curd, signalized Azem for his prey. With almost irresistible fury he strove to transfix him with his lance. Azem nimbly parried the blow, and with one deadly stroke Azem's yatagan drank his heart's blood, and the giant form of the Curd lay black and gory on the sand. The children of the desert, seeing their leader fall, retired. Night coming on, prudence suggested a speedy and separate flight.

One of Azem's slaves had passed the great desart before, and with his master and fellow-slave boldly pushed on for life, and after ten days intense suffering they arrived at a small town not far from Mecca.

Azem's toils brought on sickness, and he soon expected a summons from the angel Azrael to join the houris of Paradise. It was differently written in the book of fate. As he was laying speechless on his couch, he heard his slaves in low yet earnest converse. "Come, let us be going," said Abdalah, "he cannot live, death has set his seal on him, and if we wait his decease the Cadee will help us in taking an inventory of what he leaves behind. I hate to leave him, for he has been a good master; he cannot, no he cannot, survive."

"True, sadly true," said the other, sighing, "he cannot recover, and if we administer on his effects just before, it will be as well as just after death. Ah, Abdallah, we must even be going." So piously commending their good master to the care of Mohammed, they gathered together all his effects and fled.

Azem soon after this began to recover, and he found himself weak, deserted, and a burden on a poor widow whose dwelling was his residence. His ring, the only valuable left, he gave her; and as soon as he was able to crawl she let him know her poverty would not let her support him, and that another guest was expected to fill the room he then occupied.

Thus thrown on the world, the once rich and happy Azem had to depend on the alms of the compassionate for bread. Though humble he did not despair. With great exertion he gained Mecca, where he paid the devotion so much valued by the Osmanlee. From this time he had to depend on charity for support.

One day as he was soliciting alms, from weakness he fell and startled the horse of a Cadee who was passing, whose excellency also found the ground. A few lashes well applied, with many a hearty curse, removed him out of the way. Soon after this, as he was rubbing his aching shoulders, mourning his hard lot, something shining caught his eye. He eagerly seized it; it turned out to be a diamond of great value. As he was examining it, he was arrested by some officers. The diamond belonged to the Cadee whose fall he occasioned. Being carried before him, he was accused of stealing it. Azem protested his innocence vehemently, but nothing answered; the Cadee saw the very thief in his looks. His rags, in the eye of that officer, bespoke the knave. *Poverty always looks suspicious*, and no guilt so conspicuous as that in rags. The trial finished, Azem was condemned to lose his right hand. In the bitternesss of his soul he cursed his day, and in his anathemas forgot not the unjust judge. Being overheard, one said "curse you the Cadee!" The Cadee on this, being a compassionate man, to give him a useful lesson, in addition to his sentence ordered his ears to be cropped, and his tongue to be slit. "No doubt," said the Cadee, "my instruction will sink deep into his soul."

At the place of execution he suffered the whole of the sentence, in the presence of a numerous and highly delighted audience.

After the multitude had dispersed, some humane Dervises took him under their protection until he was healed, when to beg again was his lot. It happened on a certain day, whilst he was in a crowd, that a robbery took place, and each suspicious person was seized and none were more strongly suspected than the ragged Azem. The thief, who committed the robbery was a shrewd knave. Seeing what would come to pass, he cunningly contrived to put the purse, the thing stolen, into the bag of Azem, where it was found, and he was carried before the Judge, who was the same Cadee that had recently condemned him. The Cadee, on seeing him, smiled. "Surely this fellow," said he, "loves me much, or hates his limbs more, or he would not give me such frequent calls."

On entering the hall of judgment, Azem cried "Justice, Allah! in mercy give me but justice." On hearing the evidence, the Cadee condemned him to lose his other hand, and to be scourged and branded. Then turning to the executioner, he said, "remember when you scourge him, that he called on Allah for justice, and may he strengthen you." Azem once more suffered, and at every lash he in truth thought that Allah had added strength to his tormentor's arm. The whole sentence being executed, the kind Dervises took him again to their care, and after a long protracted misery, he was once more thrown on the wide world, poor and friendless, and worn down by affliction. With labour almost super-human, he gained his home. Here new misfortunes attended. He found his wife had forgot him, and was married. His brother disowned him, and his children, long neglected, were only known by their vices. To add new poignancy to his grief, he met Zoe, his beauteous wife. Caught by surprise, she gave one look of recognition, and another that said begone and hide thy squallid form, and never let me see you more. The cup was now full: the last drop of misery had fallen into the chalice. Azem raised his eyes to heaven; not a word passed his lips. Crossing his mutilated limbs on his breast, with an eye stony with despair, he sought the pool of Merazim. For the last time he called on Allah, and bent himself for the fatal plunge, when he felt himself withheld by an irresistable power.

A voice thundered in Azem's ear, "is this your faith?" On turning he found himself standing in the presence of a being whose eye dazzled like the sun and whose almost transparent form glowed in its lustre like the talisman of Raschad. The spirit spoke and said, "I am Zadok, the angel of instruction. Your alms are remembered and your good deeds are pictured on the storied walls of Arassam. Still your pride has dimmed their lustre, and I am sent to pour on your darkened soul the light of wisdom. To your eye, suffering was the reward of crime or of folly. As a superior, you dispensed your bounty. You trod on man, and in the pride and prosperity of your heart you felt above mortals, blessing Allah that your virtues raised you above them. Affliction has now tried you, and you are found wanting. The loss of wealth Allah willed: ingratitude of friends was not your crime; the vices of your children created by your absence cankered not your virtues, for you were treading the paths of duty; and the desertion of those you love, should not have driven you to despair. You should not have attempted, impiously, uncalled, to enter those abodes of the silent dead, over which hangs darkness, until Heaven removes the veil: and had not

mercy stayed you from *Seerath, you would have fallen, and you would have been numbered in the dread abode of Ebis.

"Child of folly! hear the words of Zadok. Misfortune is the parent of many virtues; faith, fortitude, humility, and forgiveness, are all her children; and heaven smiles not on a fairer object than that man who in the darkest days finds by the aid of faith all light within. The storms of the moral, like those of the natural world, tend to purify. When the tempest of affliction breaks on the soul it cleanses the heart until it is as pure as was that of Mohammed's, after the angel Gabriel had pressed from it the last black drop of frail mortality. Allah's mercy gives you again to the world: if prosperous be humbly bountiful; if in mercy you are afflicted, bend in cheerful resignation."

Having thus spoken, the angel spread his wings. One stream of splendid glow, vivid as the lightning's flash, marked his eddying path, and soft swelling music stole on the ear as he coursed his way to the highest heavens.

As Azem withdrew his feet from the well, he awoke. The lovely Zoe, glowing in the beauty of love and innocence, was by his side. The hence beauteous flower of heaven, and the grateful lotus poured forth a thousand rich perfumes. Azem could hardly realize that he had had so long a dream. With wonder he viewed his well-formed limbs, perfect in their strength, and with joy he felt the blood of health tingle through his veins, and as the rising sun shed his first, newest rays on the scene around, he arose and bent in prayer, returned thanks for the instructions of the night. From this time the lesson of Zadok never was blotted from his memory, and it became a proverb, *who more kind in their bounty than Azem, for his heart responds to the charity of his hand.*

After this Azem lived happy many years with his dear Zoe, a blessing to others and by Allah blest."

Here the speaker closed. "Allah!" said one Turk. "Mohammed!" said another, and "wonderful!" cried a third. After a small collection, each resumed his meditations, until some new object might excite them.

*Seerath. A bridge that after death all pass, on their way to Paradise. It is about the width of a finger. Beneath it is Dom Daniel, or the Mohometan hell, into which the wicked fall in attempting the passage.

ACCOUNT OF BARON TRENCK.

"He had seen no man, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsmen breathed through his lattice."

STERNE.

BARON DE TRENCK, at the time of the first war between the king of Prussia and the house of Austria, being young and enterprising, offered himself, with a small band of determined men, to carry off the king of Prussia, when he went out from his camp to reconnoitre the position of the Austrians. In fact, he did attempt the enterprise; but succeeded so ill, that he was taken prisoner himself, and condemned to perpetual confinement in the castle of Magdeburgh. The treatment he received was equally singular and cruel. He was chained, standing against the wall; so that, for several years, he could neither sit nor lie down. His guards had orders not to let him sleep more than a certain time; very short, but long enough to prevent his strength from being entirely exhausted. He remained four or five years in this dreadful situation; after which, there being reason to fear that he would not live long in that state, he was chained in such manner that he might sit down, which appeared to him to be a great alleviation of his sufferings. He told me himself, that after having suffered severe illness during the first years of his imprisonment, his constitution, which was strong and robust, was so unbroken, that he recovered his health; and though he received no other sustenance than bread and water, yet he was remarkably well, and resumed his former gaiety. In this state of mind he found means to sooth the tedium of so long an imprisonment, by making verses; which he set to music as well as he could, and sung for half the day. As he had nothing worse to dread, the king of Prussia was frequently the subject of his songs, and was not spared in them. He also had recourse to the power of imagination, to sooth the horrors of his situation: and the whole time that he did not spend in singing, was passed in turning his ideas to all the agreeable conditions which it was possible for him to conceive. He was almost brought to consider these wanderings of his imagination as realities, and to regard his misfortunes as mere dreams. At last the Empress Queen, who for a long time had believed that he was dead, being informed of his miserable existence, solicited his liberty from the king of Prussia with so much earnestness, that she obtained his release. I saw him at Aix-la-Chapelle, enjoying very good health; having married a handsome woman, the daughter of one of the the principal inhabitants of that imperial city, to which he had retired that he might not be exposed to the power of an arbitrary government. He has published several German works, some of which are the fruits of the reflections he made during the time of his imprisonment; some poetry against the king of Prussia; and some details relative to the manner in which he passed his time at Magdeburgh. He gave them to me himself; and though his works had no great merit in the style, yet the singularity of his thoughts, and the extraordinary fate of the author, rendered them interesting. What astonished me most in him was, the force of mind, the courage and the constancy, which had supported him in a situation in which there was no hope of his seeing better days. He appeared now to have forgotten the whole, or to recall the remembrance of his past sufferings, only that he might the better enjoy the happiness of his present condition. He was very gay; and there were moments when one might have supposed, without doing him great injustice, that his reason had been in some degree affected by his long confinement; but it was only surprising that this did not appear in a more eminent degree*.

*Poor Trenck, wishing to take a part in the French Revolution, went to Paris in the year 1722, and was guillotined on the 25th of July, 1794, two days before the execution of Robespiere.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART THE FOURTH.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."
"Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Liv'd on; and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away,
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I clos'd my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay, like a load, on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high:
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They mov'd in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Oh happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

VARIETY.

THE POST-OFFICE.

In a post-office bred, what a life sure I led,
As I handled the thoughts of my betters;
Oh! it is such a scene, that our great public inn,
Might be called a republic of letters;
To Northumberland and Cumberland,
And Westmoreland and Sunderland,
To Hertford and Dartford,
And Deptford and Bedford,
North, east, south and west,
To all corners addressed,
Such a wonderful concentration,
I might say, without brag,
I could shake in a bag,
Half the wisdom and wit of the nation.

(Spoken.) Now, my good folks, keep away from the window, or it will be impossible for me to deliver the letters. Come, who's first? Pray, sir, have you got ever a letter, for me? Who the devil are you? I'm Mr. Timmy Twist, the tailor. I don't know; if you wait a bit I'll see. Now, my dear Timothy, you know my naturally-delicate nerves cannot stand this. Well, my lamb, I told you how it would be—you should not have come. Oh, oh, I shall faint! I'm all over of a *flurrification*. [*Faints.*] Come, I say. Mr. Tim, don't be after tickling the lady there, up in the corner. Oh, sir, it's my mamma. Oh! she's got such a dreadful *pain* in her head. Och! by the powers of Moll Kelly, I wish she had a *pane* in her back, then there'd be a job for the glaziers, and I might get a little day-light, for I'm almost stifled. Oh, you brute! Here, here, here, Mr. Snip, here's your letter; all over wax, and sealed with a thimble. Here, John, here's your master's letter. How much be I to pay, zur? Nothing, you blockhead; don't you see its *franked*? *Frank!* my name beant Frank, zur; my name's Jerry. Oh, right, right, dang it? I zee there's *M. P.*—I suppose that means *mus'nt pay*. Now, my good woman, what's for you? Oh, if you please, sir, have you got a letter for me; my name's Kitty Limmerfat; I keep the two-pair back garret, at the Uncorked Bottle, Liquor-pond-street, Gray's Inn Lane? No, I have none of that name to-day. Do you think as how there'll be any to-morrow? Why, that I cant't positively say, for you see, every minute, they are

Pouring in like hail, 'till they're off with the mail,
With a rattle on, dash, dash away!

Some folks write for fun, and some write to dun,
Some blaming, and others commending;
Some letters are in love, and others to move
Soft friends, their odd cash to be lending.
Relations dying, selling, buying,
Loving, thriving, ships arriving,
Courting, fighting, wronging, writing,
Suits at law, cash to draw,
Dull and gay, cross and kind,
Such a medley you'll find,
As each scrawl appears on inspection.
That, in writing a theme,
Our office might seem,
Noah's ark, by its motley collection.

(Spoken.) Why, how the devil's this? *(looking at a letter.)* To my Son in Town! was there ever such a foolish direction—who is to find out this son in town, I wonder? Please, zur, *axen* your pardon, beant you gotten never a letter from my ould *rarthur*, out of the country? Oh, you're the son in town, are you, my lad? (and a devilish rum looking gill you are, and make the best of you.) Well, I've been in this situation for many years, but I never saw so many queer names before! Here's Tailor Tit, Doctor Horsehoof, Mr. Partridge, Mrs. Squabble-all, Mr. Shuffle-kick, Parson Paunch, and—here's a break-my-jaw word for a name! Monsieur Gremschtoper, and Abraham Solomous. Ah, dat ish for me myself, how mosh? How much, sir? sixpence. Sixpence! ah dat is a great deal too mosh; as true as I'm one living Jew, I might travel from Long Acre to the *schitty*, and I would not get me one bargain that would fetch me so mosh—I will give you tree pence. Come, come, give us gone of your jaw, down with your blunt. O la, paps, I is so frightened. What are you frightened at? Oh, how it *stares!* Stares, what stares? Oh, what large eyes it's got! What the devil do you mean? O, that nasty looking man, with the great *cod-fish*, daddy; oh, tell him to take it away, or I shall drop down as dead a nit. Hold your tongue, do, you foolish child, its dead; it can't hurt you, my pretty duck. I say, I say, Mr. Teddy O'Kelly, your letter comes to nine pence more. What's that for, you *tief*? oh, it's a double letter. Don't be after bothering us now; is it a double letter you tell me now? faith, a double letter makes two, and what I have in my fist is but one. O, bodder to my uncle's big cat, I suppose you mane to say there's one in the belly of it. Why, what's this I see; och, the devil go with me, but it's the half of a bank note; och, but where's the other half! By the powers I'll have your post-office taken up, for stealing it. Well, well, sir, I can't stand prating with you all day, for, every moment you see, they're

Pouring in like hail, till they're off with the mail,
With a rattle on, dash, dash away.

LOVE.

Love is that noble, genial, and warm affection of mind, excited by amiable objects; which, while it exalts the soul, communicates inexpressible delight to every part of the human frame. It is the soul of virtue, "the divinity that stirs within us," the grand enjoyment of superior natures; in a great portion of which mankind are suffered to participate. It was the spring of creation, and continues to support it. From this source an infinite variety of streams branch forth. It is piety, devotion, philanthropy, charity, benevolence, friendship; and, in fine, it is that passion peculiar to the human species, which, from its superior loveliness, obtains the very name of love.

DIAMONDS.

The ancients attributed extraordinary virtues to the diamond. They believed it could not be broken, even by the greatest blows. But Pliny says, "if it be soaked in the blood of a goat, it may then be broken." The ancients believed that a diamond kept in the house would prevent domestic strife between man and wife. This was mere idle imagination; but there is a diamond that may be kept in every family, which has this virtue—and it is *good temper*.

INDIAN LADIES.

At the Falls of St. Mary's River, near Lake Superior, resides Mr. Johnson, the patriarch of the place, whose wife was a full blood, broad cheeked Chippowa, with the following pretty name; Oshaugescodaywaygoa. She had three sons and four daughters, all well educated. Mr. Schoolcreft, a man of science, and a celebrated traveller, married the second daughter, who is a very accomplished woman. She dresses like fashionable ladies, except that she wears black silk leggings. She has a young sister who is a charming creature, and "would be a belle in Washington." She sings Indian "like an angel," and the chorus of one of her songs is *we, yea, yea, haw, ha.* Mr. Johnson is rich, makes annually four tons of maple sugar, and his wife cooks beavers' tails to a charm.—*Hamp. Gaz.*

HORRORS OF A SACK.

It were in vain for me to attempt any description of the scenes of plunder and confusion which now presented themselves in every quarter of the town. The firing which had ceased for a moment, because the contest was at an end, was renewed, here and there, in the extravagance of triumph; whilst shouting and streams mingled fearfully with the groans of the wounded, and the insane outcries of men in a state of horrible intoxication. Many houses, likewise, in different districts, burst forth into flames, whether wantonly or accidentally excited, it was impossible to determine; while the churches were ransacked, the wine and spirit-cellars emptied, and for several hours every species of enormity of which persons not absolutely savage are capable was perpetrated. All these things occurring during the night, the darkness of which was but imperfectly dispelled by the light from the burning edifices, produced an effect which none who witnessed it will ever forget, and few desire to experience again;—but they came to an end at last. The drunken dropped gradually asleep, the wounded were removed to temporary hospitals; and of the houses already on fire, the greater proportion were burned to the ground before the farther progress of the flames was arrested; and by dawn on the following day, a degree of order was restored, such as few who beheld the condition of things immediately posterior to the assault could have anticipated.—*The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the War in Spain and Portugal.*

A RARE CHANCE FOR A HUSBAND.

The following advertisement extraordinary, says the Chatauque Republican, was handed to us the other day by the 'Yankee' himself who had probably obtained a furlough from the jailor, with a request that we give it a gratuitous insertion. Should any "*good, smart, decent* old maid, or widow," who is weary of a single life, so sensible; "pity the sorrows of the poor old man," as to "visit him in prison," and minister to his necessities (and the ladies have the exclusive privilege this year) we shall be amply paid for our trouble. "Notice, Wanted to hire out, or Marry out of Prison A good hearty old gentleman about 64 years of age sound mind and Limp Except one ankle has been broke but mended again So that you will Not Discover it by his walk he is an Excellent hand in a garden (if the Soil Suits him) any good Smart Decent old Maid or Widow under fifty years of age that wants A Partner of this description will Do well To Call att the prison in Warren Pa—and Look for themselves and View the man as he is to be seen at any hour from Six in the Morning until Early Candle Light Not Later for he keeps No Candles. Warren Prison May 21 1828

YANKEE."

Dilatory Inclination.—Mr. Peel, Secretary for the Home Department, when speaking in the House of Commons of the Lord Chancellor (Elden,) said, that, to apply the words of the poet to that noble Lord "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." A gentleman present remarked that in that case his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination had never yet *gone over!*

Alphabetical Pun.—Among the numerous puns Mathews' present entertainment, he is quite "at home" in the following:—"A person speaking to a very deaf man and getting angry at not catching his meaning, says—Why, it is plain as A. B. C." "Ay, sir, but I am *D. E. F.*"

One of our lads venturing an opinion on the Waterborough, (S. C.) address, said he thought it was very sharp; 'but,' added the little wag, 'it ought to be *sharp*, as they had a *razor*, (Raysor) in the Chair.' This may be pronounced a *barber*-ous pun; but coming from such a source it ought to pass for a *deril*-ish good one.—*Norfolk paper.*

A worthy knight and citizen was asked a few days ago to explain the term *statu quo*, which he did in the following manner. "Why, *statu quo—statu quo* belongs to the fine arts—you all know what *co* is, *co* is latin for company as we see it marked, you know Barclay and *Co.*—Mills and *Co.*—whenever it's more than one, it's always so. But I'll describe it to you—you know what a statue is, well, a statue by itself, is nothing more than a *statu*, so

hen there is more than one statue, as for instance in the ve of Gog and Magog at Guildhall, or the men at St. nstan's, why then that is statue and company, that statue d co.—that is in Latin *statu quo*."

Professional Vanity.—Even a sexton likes to have ngs regularly done. A man was buried the other day Richmond, who was detested throughout the neighhood for his churlishness and avarice, and not a tear g shed at the consignment of his remains to the dust, sexton alarmed at this new order of things, seized a who was looking on, by the ear, and pinched him till wept, *as no one else would*—*Hull Packet.*

A Stretcher.—Some yankee gentleman has been quizg the people of Dublin, about an enormous ship of *one ired and eighty guns*, mounting *ninety pounders*, said be building in one of the navy yards of the U. States.

Awfully Distressing!—A paper printed in the state of ama, speaks of a most deplorable and alarming scarof young ladies.—Every respectable female, native or ger, found there, is, as soon as possible hurried to the ned altar. The young men are as one hundred to f the young ladies.

THE EMERALD.

ALTIMORE....SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1828.

GENTS FOR THE EMERALD.—James A. McCreary, sville, Baltimore county; E. Littell, Philadelphia; kah Howe, New-Haven, Conn.; Charles Whipple, bury port, Mass.; Dorr & Howland, Worcester, Mass.; ge Gibson, Boston.

e never have uttered a complaint against editors of journals, for selecting from the Emerald, without g the same to its credit—though it has been done ally. But some instances occur, of so singular a that we cannot help noticing them, as a source of ment, rather than complaint. We care not if our al brethren strip us entirely, without giving credit y thing—they are heartily welcome, especially in eather, when we can allow in others, the same nece and laziness we would fain indulge ourself—we reover, afford it, as our resources are not very lim. In a late number of the Emerald, we published an article, written by a very valuable correspondent, productions have been almost invariably copied in other papers, entitled '*Ladies at Home*,' a playful strictly local in its application to Baltimore, referticularly to the rail-road celebration in this city. rticle was published in a New-York paper *as its* o credit having been given for it—and it has been pied in a dozen other papers, crediting a New-per. Now we acquit the New-York paper (Truth of any intention to appropriate the article to itwe are sure it never intended to do so;—but any no copied it thence, had he taken the trouble to it, would have seen how inapplicable it was to ork, or any other city but this. It is still more amut a Baltimore paper should have done so—though ted the mistake, subsequently, with a gentlemanly We do not make these remarks with an ill will ditor, for they cannot themselves help being diwhen they perceive their own egregious blunders. ladelphia Album, (which, by the way, omits the ticularly applicable to Baltimore, namely, the et cetera.

YALE COLLEGE.—So much has been said against the students of this college for their late rebellion, that it seems but fair that the public should at least be informed of their motives for such conduct, that some palliation may be given to the offence. We do not pretend to justify them—for we know too well, from observation, the nature of such transactions. We never knew a dozen gentlemen in any class, at college, who thought and acted like men; as we seldom have known the most popular leader among them, to be the most judicious. It will be seen by the following circular, from the students concerned to the parents of each, that the difficulty arose from the badness of 'commons'—that this could have been corrected, we do not presume to say; the letter makes it appear that the government would not attend to their remonstrances. We sincerely hope that all feelings of hostility may be pacified on both sides, and that the students may be induced to return to New-Haven.

YALE COLLEGE, AUGUST 1st, 1828.

To Mr. ———

EVENTS of an important nature having recently taken place in this Institution, we feel bound in duty to ourselves and to your son to lay before you the following simple statement of facts.

You are probably aware that by a rule of the Institution, the students are obliged to board in the College Hall. By another law, equally binding with the former, "the Steward shall, at all times cause the table to be decently spread and attended." The second of these regulations, which prescribes the duty of the Steward, has on numerous occasions been entirely disregarded. It would be impossible, from the very nature of the subject, to enter into any minute detail of the particulars in which he has neglected his duty;—the task would be irksome and in many respects disgusting. But we can state without fear of contradiction, that, instead of placing before us a table "decently spread, after the manner of living in private families," he has repeatedly served up to us provision, of which nothing but necessity could have compelled us to partake. And during the present term, still more than at any other period, has our fare been miserable. Is it asked, "Why did you not complain?" We did complain, until farther complaining would have betrayed nothing but a servile, pusillanimous spirit. Over and over again, since we entered upon our Collegiate course, have committees been sent up to the Faculty, stating our grievances, and imploring redress. And what has been the result? Why, in some instances the board has undergone a slight, temporary improvement; but in most, not the least alteration has been perceptible.

We would beg leave particularly to direct your attention to the course pursued by the last committee which was deputed to appear before the Faculty. This committee waited upon the President in the latter part of the month of June last, and laid before him the grounds of our dissatisfaction with the Hall. The President, as he has recently stated, called upon the Steward and the Cooks, and gave directions that the evils complained of should be remedied. And here the matter rested. No change, not even the slightest, was observable, after the expiration of a few days, in consequence of this new application.

Such continued to be the state of our board at a season of the year when, of all others, it is most essential that it should be good and wholesome. The dissatisfaction, at no time confined to a few, at length became general throughout the Institution. And on Saturday last, July 26th, the three classes, (the Senior class being absent at this time,) met and resolved, almost *unanimously*, that, "they would not return into the Hall until some measures should be taken by the Faculty to improve the board."

This step has been censured as unjustifiable.—And by whom? No!, we confidently assert, by those who are best calculated to judge—by those, who are acquainted with the humble and submissive course which we had previously pursued,—but by individuals who are in a great measure ignorant of our former proceedings and of the condition of the Hall. Moderate measures had proved utterly ineffectual. We seemed reduced to this alternative; either to endure continued imposition, or to adopt some more efficient steps. Could we hesitate which part of the alternative to choose? We could not—we did not.

In compliance with the above resolution, we have refrained from going to the Hall, to the present time. The resolution went into operation on Monday morning. On Tuesday a committee was sent to the Faculty to state officially, on behalf of the students, the reasons of our leaving the Hall. An answer was returned to that committee on the following day, that we were in "a state of open violation of the Laws of the Institution, and that the Faculty would take no measure whatever in regard to the subject, until we should return to the Hall." Had we any ground to expect such a reply? Had our conduct been such as to authorize it? We had pursued a milder course; and it produced no effect whatever: we now took a firmer stand, and this too it appears, was unavailing. We were ready and willing to return into the Hall whenever assurance should be given us of an improvement in our board. We waited anxiously for such assurance. We expected it—we had a right to expect it. But no—we must return to the Hall even before we had any reason to anticipate a change in our unpalatable and unwholesome fare! We refused to take a step, by which we should have sacrificed our self-respect, our dignity, our duty to each other. On the succeeding day, Thursday, the Faculty proceeded to extremities. Four of our number,* members of the Junior Class, were selected from the whole body of students, and expelled from the Institution.

We confess we know not upon what principle this punishment was inflicted. We are unable to discover the justice or propriety of throwing upon a few individuals, the burden of the alleged iniquities of the whole, where all are equally concerned. We have remonstrated against this procedure. We have claimed on the simple ground of justice alone, either, that those four individuals should be re-admitted into the Institution, or that we should be subjected to the same censure. This appeal has hitherto been unavailing.

Such are the circumstances of this unpleasant affair. To you who are a father guided as we trust by honorable and virtuous principles, do we confidently look for an approval of our conduct. Your son has acted with us. In justifying ourselves we vindicate him. We are aware of the influence which is exerted against us;—we are aware that the maxim, "The king can do no wrong," is often applied even in our Republican country, to bodies of men, whose rank, situation, and character, would almost seem to render the application just. But deeply as we respect, as we venerate the Faculty of this Institution, we are firmly convinced that they have erred. We have acted properly, as we believe, conscientiously as we know.

In a note after a list of the signers to the above, they say, "It will be observed that the above Circular is signed by 134 individuals. The Catalogue presents an aggregate of 261 students in the three lower classes. Of this number 29 do not board in the Hall; and 58 others are out of town. Comment is unnecessary."

*We omit the names.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE TIMES.

A POEM WITHOUT ANY NOTES....CANTO V.

I.

In canto fourth, I wrote a little proem,
By way of introduction to a tale,
Which, as I find is length'ning to a poem,
Too long, a careless reader to regale,
I take the liberty to file away,
To live, some future time, its little day.

II.

It is a sad and melancholy story,
And sadness is too bilious for the season;
I leave it then alone, in all its glory,
Nor condescend to give a better reason:
My readers, too, will thank me, I am certain,
For keeping up a very gloomy curtain.

III.

Now, while the busy word is freezing cream,
And keeping cool at Ballston, and such places,
And editors are left at home to scream
Through sleepless nights, with gnats upon their faces;
Or if they sleep, to dream of *pi*, till thirsty,
They wake to all the joys of feeling crusty;

IV.

Now, while the lazy sun has got the jaundice,
And travels like a school-boy to his task,
Happy the man who takes a gig of LANDIS,
And quits the streets where hogs and negroes bask,
To loiter where the birds, among the trees,
Rain down upon the heart their ecstacies.

V.

There is no sweeter pleasure for the idle,
The indolent, I mean, who pass life gaily,
Than to indulge one's hobby with the bridle,
Whether in stringing rhymes or reading Paley,
Or lying down upon the shady grass,
And only looking at the clouds that pass.

VI.

There's something in sensation without thought,
So like the hours of childhood after school,
When it forgets the task so roughly taught,
And dries the tears its sorrow could not rule,
I hardly wish to give it up again
For burning thoughts that kindle in the brain.

VII.

It comes, like angel visits, few and far
Between—(a simile as stale as any!
Almost as stale as Miller's records are,
Passed to the credit of a wit or zany;
I'll tell you one which never has been told—
At least in rhyme—that's worth its weight in gold.)

VIII.

At a "soirée" in Washington, but lately,
(Some say at Mr. Adams's levée,)
Where things are done in proper style, and stateliness is the ornament of "he and she;"
As customary, people were presented,
To compliment, and then—be complimented.

IX.

Among the crowd, there was a sober wight,
With hair cut close in true Byronian style,
In silks and shorts, with neckerchief so tight,
His face resembled cabbage all the while,
And over all, a pigeon-tail dress coat,
Enough to make a very *bas bleu* dote.

X.

As he in turn was led along to share
The honour of his excellency's favour,
He drew his glove, to have his right hand bare,
And bowing humbly, as presented, gave a
Most gracious smile, and hoped he had the pleasure,
To see his honour happy, beyond *measure*.

XI.

Now, it so happened that the stranger's name,
His honour did not hear—which was perceived;
And as for special kindness, then, he came,
How could he choose but be most sorely grieved;
So without more ado, he rack'd his brains,
Lest he should have his labour for his pains.

XII.

It was the great man's tailor, and poor Snip
Thought himself call'd upon to tell him so;
And bending down, just o'er his honour's hip,
"*I made your breeches*, sir," he whisper'd low.
"Indeed!" was answered, while his hand squeez'd tight,
"You're welcome, MAJOR BRIDGES, here to-night!"

XIII.

Now if a wit shall happen to discover
The page, where this is written in Joe Miller,
'Twill be the same to me, a constant lover
Of jokes, however stale, so I can fill a
Stick, as the printers call it, of *brevier*,
Though NEAL, and all the critics, be severe.

XIV.

But I'm digressing, and of course 'tis meet
To tell you so, lest you should not perceive it;
For *tempus fugit*, i. e. time is fleet,
And when 'tis past, we cannot well retrieve it;
So much for explanation or excuse,
To those who do not wish us to the deuce.

XV.

Now, while the dog-star rages, men are boiling,
Like hard-shell crabs, within a cooking furnace,
Tearing and swearing, toiling and turmoiling,
Loading the die at six that it may turn ace,
And betting on the presidential phases,
As jockies do on horses at the races.

XVI.

"Hurra for Jackson!" is the cry of some—
"Hurra for Adams!" is the cry of others;
Would that the voice of Faction might be dumb,
That men would live together more like brothers.
A million throats breathe poison through the nation,
Reciprocating hate and execration.

XVII.

And this is Liberty! and this the pride
That bloats us into growth! the vulture's beak
Is at our country's heart; its crimson tide
Bubbles to find a passage where 't may reek!
While Folly, with an ideot gaze, stands by,
And Wisdom deadens into apathy.

XVIII.

Yet 'tis but melancholy to reflect,
After the hurly-burly shall be past,
Whether the nation this or that elect,
That the bright sun will heed it not—but last
In all its brightness still—still always ruddy,
As Washington's broad streets will still be muddy.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

BY LOVELACE.

WHEN love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;

When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertie!

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and drafts goe free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories, of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes that curle the flood
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

HALLECK.

THE world is bright before thee;
Its summer flowers are thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee;
Thy bosom virtue's shrine:
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour:
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow—
The death-dirge of the gay—
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not: though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still, beyond his art,
The wild-flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart!

On a great House adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants true:
The gods without, the dev'l within.

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